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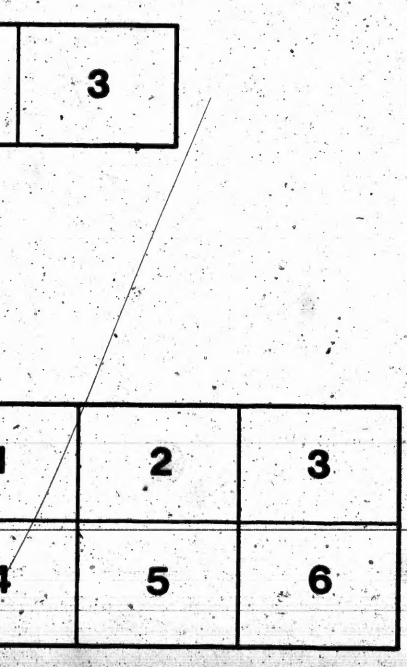

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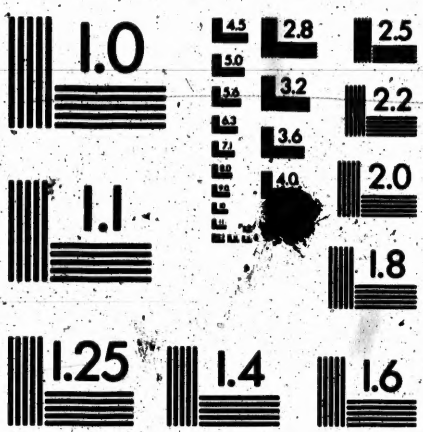

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Thy Kingdom Come.

HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

JUNIOR MISSIONARY MEETINGS,

WITH

OPENING EXERCISES.

TORONTO:
DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS.

1892

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GENERAL SYNOD, ARCHIVES

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Feeling the need of a Hymn Book containing Missionary Hymns for children's use, we have endeavored to gather together a collection that will prove the means of deepening missionary interest among the younger members of the Church. We would thank the many friends who have aided us in the effort, and trust the result will be all that is desired. Copies can be procured from the compiler, the Secretary of the Church of the Ascension Woman's Auxiliary to Missions, Toronto.

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HYMNS AND SONGS FOR MISSION BANDS.

1

God of heaven hear our singing,
Only little ones are we,
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father now we come to Thee.
Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blessed.

Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love
Make on earth a song of glory
Like the angels' song above.
Send the Spirit's mighty shower,
Bring the heathen to Thy throne,
For the kingdom and the power
And the glory are Thine own.—AMEN.

2

TUNE—"*Onward, Christian Soldiers.*"

Bear the message onward!
Spread it far and wide!
Let the distant heathen
Know that Jesus died;

Died that God might justly
Sinners now forgive ;
Died that through His merit,
Guilty man might live.

Bear the message onward !
Spread it far and wide ;
Let the distant nations
Know that Jesus died.

Bear the message onward !
Over land and sea ;
Nothing save the Gospel
Makes man noble, free.
Spread, O spread the tidings,
Fraught with endless bliss,
Angels well might covet
Work so grand as this.—CHO.

Bear the message onward !
'Tis so grandly true ;
Whereso'er it cometh
Eden blooms anew !
Work performed for Jesus
Cannot go unblest !
Not till life is ended,
Must God's servants rest.—CHO.

Bear the message onward !
Speak it forth with power,
Let it reach fresh regions,
Every passing hour.
Human soúls outvalue
Coronets empearled ;
Pause not, till the message
Vibrates through the world.—CHO.—AMEN.

3

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle,
See His banners go.

Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

At the Name of Jesus
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.—CHO.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdom's rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.

Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—Cho.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, praise and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—Cho.—Amen.

4

Hark, the swelling breezes,
Rising from afar,
Bring the sounds of conflict
From the holy war.
God is with our armies,
He the word has given,
He is watching o'er you,
Messengers of heaven.

Go, thou mighty Gospel,
Conquering on thy way,
Night upon the mountains
Changes into day;
Idols bow before Thee,
Heathen temples fall,
Soon the world shall own Thee
Victor over all.

O Thou blessed Saviour,
Reigning now on high,
May Thy faithful soldiers
Find Thee ever nigh.

Bid thy glorious mission
Spread from sea to sea,
Till the whole creation
Worship only Thee.—AMEN.

5

Once again the bells are ringing,
Hearts and voices join the song,
Peace, and love, and glad thanksgiving
To our Christmas tide belong.

Peace and joy to heathen children,
For Jesus came to save in boundless love,
Came to earth that we might live forever
In the Father's home above.

Once at midnight, cold and starry,
Heaven's gates were opened wide,
For the world then lost in darkness
Came our Jesus to abide.—CHO.

Other doors the Saviour opened,
And by earnest work and prayer,
We must follow in His footsteps,
Strive to seek and enter there.—CHO.

Yes, to lands so long in darkness,
Where the children live in sin,
We must march with banners flying
For His sake to enter in.—CHO.

Till in distant lands and nations
Ev'ry door shall open wide,
And the children learn with gladness
The full joy of Christmas tide.—CHO.—AMEN.

6

The fields are all white
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

Our hands are so small
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others,
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest.

Until by-and-bye,
As the years pass at length,
We, too, may be reapers
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.—AMEN.

7

Little travellers Zion-ward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of their Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
There with welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers win;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

7

Who are these whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view!
I, from Greenland's frozen land;
I, from India's sultry plain;
I, from Afric's burning sand;
I, from islands of the main.

All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We've together met at last,
At the portals of the sky.
Each the welcome "come!" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!—AMEN.

8

"More and better work for Jesus,"
Is the cry we make to-day;
While the earth in sin is lying,
We can neither shrink nor stay.
"More and better work for Jesus,"
Is the motto we would bear;
"More and better work for Jesus,"
Is the children's plea and prayer.

"More and better work for Jesus,"
Tho' the past was much and good,
Yet we know we have not served Him
Half so bravely as we should.—CHO.

"More and better work for Jesus,"
More and better, year by year,
Till a darkened world is rescued,
And a fadeless dawn is here.—CHO.—AMEN.

9

We are a little gleaning band,
We cannot bind the sheaves,
But we can follow him who reaps,
And gather what he leaves.
We are not strong, but Jesus loves
The weakest of the fold,
And in our feeble efforts proves
His tenderness untold.

We are not rich, but we can give,
As we are passing on,
A cup of water in His name
To some poor fainting one.
We are not wise, but Christ, our Lord,
Revealed to babes His will,
And we are sure from His dear word
He saves the children still.

We know that with our gathered grain
Briars and leaves are seen,
Yet since we tried, He smiles the same
And takes our offering.
Dear children, still Hosanna sing,
As Christ doth conquering come;
Cast in your treasures as He brings
The heathen nations home.

10

Oh! what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh ! what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven ?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh ! what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven ?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh ! what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven ?
The hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust the children's Friend—
Such grace to mine be given.

When hearts, and hands, and lips unite
To please the King of heaven,
And serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in His sight—
Such grace to mine be given.

II

O the little children yonder,
On these far off heathen shores
O'er their dreary lives we ponder,
As we see the open doors.
Can we help to bring them gladness—
Those sad-hearted girls and boys ?
Can we chase away their sadness ?
Can we fill their lives with joys ?

Yes, sweet children, hear their cr[illegible],
Share your sunny joys with them,
Learn a holy self-denying
From the Child of Bethlehem.

We have friends so kind and tender,
  We have homes by love made bright,
We have Christ for our Defender,
  While they dwell in starless night.
With their woes our hearts are beating,
  And we long to set them free ;
Can we send our love and greeting
  To the children o'er the sea ?—Cho.

'Twould be sweet if up in heaven
  Those dear children we might meet ;
If among the glad forgiven
  They should walk the shining street,
Can we point them up to glory ?
  Can we meet them by and by ?
And together tell the story
  In the land beyond the sky ?--Cho.—Amen.

12

Open the door for the children,
  Tenderly gather them in,
In from the highways and hedges,
  In from the places of sin
Some are so young and so helpless,
  Some are so hungry and cold,
Open the door for the children.
  Gather them in to the fold.

Open the door for the children,
  Gather them in to the fold.
Open the door, gather them in,
  Gather them in to the fold.

Open the door for the children.
  See they are coming in throngs,
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
  Teach them your beautiful songs.

Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given;
Open the door for the children.
Gather them in to the fold.

Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand,
Point them to truth as in Jesus,
Lead them to heaven's bright land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold,
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.—AMEN.

13

Once again, dear Lord, we pray,
For the children far away,
Who have never even heard,
Name of Jesus, sweetest word.

Little lips that thou hast made
'Neath the far off temples' shade,
Give to gods of wood and stone
Praise that should be all thine own.

Little hands whose wonderous skill,
Thou hast made to do Thy will;
Off'rings bring and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see or hear.

Teach them, oh, Thou heav'nly King
All their gifts and praise to bring
To Thy Son, Who died to prove
Thy forgiving, saving love.—AMEN.

14

We would ask no higher service,
Lord, that we might do for Thee,
Than Thy blessed word to carry
To the land beyond the sea.

There could be no gladder moment
In our lives what'er betide,
Than the moment we might show them
Love of Him who for them died.

Oh, to see the hopeless faces
Brighten at the glad, good news,
Of a little light beyond earth's shadows
Happiness, if they but choose.

It is ours to send the message
To the lands beyond the sea,
Ours to send the balm of healing
To the souls in misery.

Let us labor, let us hasten
While the day doth lend its light,
See, the coming shadows gather—
None can work when cometh night.—AMEN

We're a band of happy children,
Christ has loved us, loves us still,
We would tell the far-off heathen
How His love our hearts doth fill.

Yes, He loves us, yes, He loves us,
Loves us little tho' we be;
Yes, He loves us, yes, He loves us,
O, that all His love may see.

We're a band of happy children,
Willing workers would we be,
Telling out the blessed tidings
To the islands of the sea. —Cho.

O, the sad unhappy children,
In that far-off heathen land;
They will gladly love and praise Him,
When His love they understand. —Cho.

16

Lord of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain:
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

As laborers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may we be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee:
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
And God, the Holy Spirit,
O, blessed Three in One:
Make us Thy true disciples,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now and forever more.—AMEN.

17

Only a band of children
Sitting at Jesus' feet,
Fitting ourselves to enter
Into His service sweet;
Softly His voice is calling
"Little one, come unto Me,
Stay not, though weak and helpless,
Child, I have need of thee."

Take us, dear Saviour, take us
Into Thy heavenly fold,
Keep our young feet from straying
Out in the dark and cold;
Call us Thy "little helpers,"
Glad in Thy work to share;
Make us Thine own dear children,
Worthy Thy name to bear.

Only a band of children
Sitting at Jesus' feet,
Fitting ourselves to enter
Into His service sweet,
Seeking His light to guide us
Whenever the way is dim,
Learning His beautiful lessons,
Longing to be like Him.

Oh, with pure hearts, and lowly,
Help us, dear Lord, to go
Bearing the glad, sweet story,
Unto sad hearts below;
And reaching the pearly portals,
May the welcome sweet be given,
Pass through the gate, my children,
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

18

Lord Jesus, Thou didst once delight,
To call the children to Thy side,
And now, though on Thy throne of light,
Dost condescend to watch and guide;
We pray Thee for Thy children still,
That they may learn to do Thy will.

Where Indians roam, midst forest vast,
By rivers swift, on prairies green,
Where sin its shadow dark has cast,
Thy children seek, let light be seen.
They perish now, Lord, hear our prayer;
Let them with us Thy mercy share.

O let Thine eyes in mercy rest
On children dear in every land;
Lord, give them light—let them be blest
Enrol them in that happy band.
Whose joy it is Thy praise to sing,
To own Thee Master, Lord and King.

Then, when at last, on streets of gold,
'Mid endless sunshine children play,
Their faces bright with joy untold,
For evermore they'll sing this lay:
Glory to Christ, our Saviour Friend,
To Him let endless praise ascend.—AMEN.

19

TUNE—"*Work, for the night is coming.*"

Wanted! young feet to follow
Where Jesus leads the way
Into the fields where harvest
Is rip'ning day by day;

Now, while the breath of morning
Scents all the dewy air,
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,
Oh, follow Jesus there!

Wanted! young hands to labor;
The fields are broad and wide,
And harvest waits the reaper
Around on ev'ry side;
None are too poor or lowly,
None are too weak or small,
For in His service holy
The Master needs them all.

Wanted! young ears to listen,
Wanted! young eyes to see,
Wanted! young hearts to answer
With throb of sympathy
When on the wild waves' sighing
The strange sad tale is borne
Of lands in darkness lying,
Forsaken and forlorn.

Wanted! the young soul's ardor
Wanted! the young mind's power:
Wanted! the young lips' freshness;
Wanted! youth's golden hours,
Wanted to tell the story,
To watch with the glad sunrise,
To hail the coming glory,
To seek and win the prize!

Come! for the Saviour calls you!
Come! for the work is great!
Come! for the hours are hasting;
Come! ere it be too late!

Come, and be burden-bearers
With Him, your glorious Lord;
Come, and be happy sharers
In His most blest reward.

20

Little builders all are we,
Builders for eternity;
Children of the Mission Bands;
Working with our hearts and hands;
Building temples for our King,
By the offerings we bring;
Living temples He doth raise,
Filled with life, and light, and praise.

One by one the stones we lay,
Building slowly day by day;
Building for our love are we,
In the lands beyond the sea;
Building by each thought and prayer
For the souls that suffer there;
Building in the Hindoo land,
Where the idols are as sand.

Building in vast China, too—
Living temples rise to view;
Building in Japan as well—
Ah, what stories we could tell!
Building on dark Afric's shore,
That there may be slaves no more;
Building in the Turk's doomed land
For Armenia's scattered band.

On mount Lebanon's fair heights,
By our many gathered mites,
Where the Nile's sweet waters pour,
Building all the wide world o'er.

And one day our eyes shall see,
In a glad eternity,
"Living stones" we helped to bring,
For the palace of our King.

21

There are children, little children,
In the land beyond the sea,
Who have never heard the tidings:
"Let the children come to Me,"
Then tell them the story of Jesus,
That story, the children will win,
Oh! tell them the story of Jesus,
Redeemer and Saviour from sin.

Heathen mothers bring their babies
To the idol temples high;
Clasp the tiny hands in worship,
Prostrate both before them lie.
Then tell them the story of Jesus;
That story the heathen will win,
Oh! tell them the story of Jesus,
Redeemer and Saviour from sin.

Gospel message long withholden
Is for all mankind to-day,
Heathen parents, heathen children,
Whosoever will obey.
Then tell them the story of Jesus,
That story will every one win,
Oh! tell them the story of Jesus,
Redeemer and Saviour from sin.

22

There comes a wail of anguish
Across the ocean wave,
It pleads for help, O Christians,
Poor dying souls to save.
Those far-off heathen nations,
Who sit in darkest night,
Now stretch their hands imploring,
And cry to us for light.

We have the blessed Gospel,
We know its priceless worth;
We read the grand old story
Of Christ the Saviour's birth.
O, haste, ye faithful workers!
To them the tidings bear,
Glad tidings of salvation,
That they our light may share.

Go plant the cross of Jesus
On each benighted shore,
Go wave the Gospel banner,
Till darkness reigns no more:
And while the seed you scatter,
Far o'er the ocean's foam,
We'll pray for you and labor,
In mission fields at home.

23

Little ones in India,
Lisp the idol's praise
Lone in homes of darkness,
Pass the weary days.

Oh, that we could tell them
Of a heaven above,
And that we could teach them
Of a Saviour's love.

Try now, little children,
Young in hand and heart,
Each to gather something:
Each to do your part.

Little heathen children,
By the sums you raise,
Then will hear of Jesus
And will sing His praise.

24.

Hark, a voice from India stealing,
Children's voices we discern,
Voices swe[illegible]nd full of meaning,
Such as [illegible]e from hearts that burn,
Come and teach us,
We are young, and we can learn.

From our idols scorned and hated,
Wooden gods that we could burn,
Unto Him whose word created
Heaven and earth, we fain would turn,
Come and teach us,
We are young, and we can learn.

We have heard of One who never,
Little children's prayers doth spurn,
Guide us to His feet and ever,
Heartfelt thanks will we return,
Come and teach us,
We are young, and we can learn.

25.

Far off our brethren's voices,
  Are borne from distant lands;
Far off our Father's children,
  Reach out those waiting hands.
"Give us," they cry, "our portion,
  Co-heirs of grace divine;
Give us the words of promise,
  Give us the three-fold line."

Remote where Athabasca,
  Her beacon cross uprears,
And Qu'Appelle's lonely heralds,
  Toil through the waiting years.
From wild Algoma's waters,
  From northern wastes of snow,
The cry comes over, "Help us!
  One God, one Christ to know."

Lord God, Eternal Father,
  Send down the Holy Dove,
For His dear sake who loved us,
  To quicken us in love.
Bless us with His compassion,
  That we or ere we rest,
May work to bless our brethren,
  And blessing be more blest.—AMEN.

26.

Our country's voice is pleading,
  Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
  The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
  And promise clothes the soil.
Wide fields for harvest whitening,
  Invite the reaper's toil.

Go where the waves are breaking,
Upon the Arctic shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
Beyond the Rocky Mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Peace River's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest,
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we the ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

27

Behold the nation kneeling
'Neath far-off Eastern skies!
They call to us appealing,
Oh, hear their mournful cries.
"Our land," they say, "is shrouded
In darkness and in gloom;
Our eyes with tears beclouded
Look forth to hopeless doom."

Hark! hark! what strains of anguish
Seem mingling with that cry!
"Must we, unaided, languish?
All unforgiven die?
Our gods they do not answer;
In vain for help we sue;
Oh, tell us of *your* Saviour,
Will He not save *us*, too?"

O Christians! do you hear it,
That cry from o'er the sea?
The swift winds haste to bear it.
Yet slow to help are ye.
Arouse ye from your slumbers;
The time wears fast away,
And souls in countless numbers
Are perishing to-day.

28

Far over the ocean the message
Is sounded towards you to-day
From those who in sin have been sleeping,
"Come over and help us we pray.
We know not the truth as in Jesus,
Our nations are lying in night,
Oh! will ye not bring us the Gospel
Ye people that walk in the light?"

Close, close to your doors comes the story
Of China's vast millions of souls,
While warm with the breath of the desert
The message from Africa rolls;
From Siam, Japan and Corea,
From India's women in woe,
From lips that are touched with the sunbeam,
From hearts that are chilled with the snow.

In many a green flowery island
Resplendent in nature's array,
In many a country and city
A welcome is waiting to-day;
So many are willing to follow,
If some will but show them the Light,
But laborers are scanty in number,
And fields with the harvest are white.

Then will ye not give them the Gospel
  Ye people that dwell in the Light?
Why leave them to stumble 'mid darkness
  Who might walk with Jesus in white?
Oh! give of your time and your talents,
  Your prayers and your silver and gold,
For the Master but tarries His coming,
  Till His word to all nations be told.

Then haste ye, arise and be doing,
  Oh, let not the moments be lost,
The Saviour's "Well done" and His welcome
  Will more than repay all the cost;
When out of all climes shall be gathered
  A people prepared for the King,
Who in glory and beauty forever
  The praise of Jehovah shall sing.

29

From Greenland's icy mountains,
  From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
  Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
  And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
  The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
  Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.—AMEN.

30

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King;
Tell it out, tell it out;
Tell it out with adoration, that He shall increase,
Tell it out, tell it out,
That the mighty King of glory is the King of Peace.
Tell it out, tell it out;
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar;
Tell it out, tell it out,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore;
Tell it out, tell it out.

Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns;
Tell it out, tell it out;
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their chains;
Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out, tell it out.

Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives ;
Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save ;
Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave ;
Tell it out, tell it out.

Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above ;
Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the nations that His Name is love ;
Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the highways, and the lanes at home ;
Tell it out, tell it out.
Let it ring across the mountains, and the ocean foam ;
Tell it out, tell it out.
Like the sound of many waters, let our glad shout be ;
Tell it out, tell it out.
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea ;
Tell it out, tell it out.

31

I often think of heathen lands—Far away,
Where many a Pagan temple stands—Far away,
And there each hapless child is led
To bow to idol gods its head,
Whilst many a muttering charm is said—Far away !

Oh, how I pity children there—Far away,
Although the clime be passing fair—Far away,
I would not leave my humble home
In fields of richest fruit to roam,
If there no Gospel sound should come—Far away !

But I will pray that God would send—Far away,
Glad tidings of my Saviour Friend—Far away,
And every little I can spare
Shall help to send the Bible there,
And men of God the truth to bear—Far away !

And when the silver trumpet swells—Far away,
And all the love of Jesus tells—Far away,
Then idols shall, like Dagon, fall,
And many a child on God shall call,
And own my Jesus, Lord of all—Far away!

32

Oh, that the Lord's salvation
  Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
  To lead His outcasts home!
How long Thy Holy City
  Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
  Rebuild her walls again.

Let fall Thy rod of terror,
  Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
  Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
  Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
  And bind Thy Church to Thee.—AMEN.

33

Jesus bids us shine
  With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle
  Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
  So we must shine,
You in your corner,
  And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all, for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light is dim.
He looks down from heaven
He sees us shine,
You in your corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world are found—
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You in your corner,
And I in mine.

34

God make my life a little light
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that shineth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what breath and strength I have,
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith that never waxeth dim
In all His wondrous ways.

35

What can I give to Jesus
Who gave His life for me?
How can I show my love for Him
Who died on Calvary?

I'll give my heart to Jesus,
In childhood's tender spring,
I know He will not despise
The offering that I bring.

I'll give my soul to Jesus,
And calmly, gladly rest
Its youthful hopes and fond desires
Upon His loving breast.

I'll give my mind to Jesus
And seek in thoughtful hours
His Spirit's grace to consecrate
Its early opening powers.

I'll give my strength to Jesus
Of foot, of head, of will;
Run where He sends, and ever strive
His pleasure to fulfil.

I'll give my time to Jesus,
Oh that each hour might be
Filled up with holy work for Him
Who spent His life for me.

36

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some may bring their health;

We, too, would bring our treasures,
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring Him little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures,
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them—
Yet these a child may bring.

37

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell,
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny
It was all I had to give,
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help the cause to live.

God loveth the cheerful giver
Tho' the gift be poor and small,
But what must He think of His children,
When they never give at all?

38

God loves a cheerful giver.
Whose gift to Him is free,
Then give ; as gives the river
Its fulness to the sea.

Give for the King of heaven -
Is speaking in this plea,
Give, for thy Lord has given,
His precious life for thee.

More blessed than receiving,
Is giving to thy Lord,
Then give, His word believing,
And thou shalt have reward.

God loves the cheerful giver,
And he shall blessed be,
Then give, as gives the river
Its fulness to the sea.

39

We come to ask our Father now,
That eyes be made to see,
And hearts to burn and lips to say
What can I give to Thee ?

We are a little Mission Band
With hearts right brave to do,
We'll give to Jesus all we can
And prove our hearts are true.

We know we've little and our store
Of pennies is but small,
But then we want to bring ev'n these
To God, who giveth all.—Cho

The older ones can give Thee more
Of work and money, too,
This night, O help them from their store
Their larger part to do.—Cho.

Dear Lord, may what has now been given,
Find some sweet work to do,
Show some poor soul the way to heaven,
And help us find it, too.—Cho.

40

Bring gifts unto the Lord to-day,
From grateful hearts let praise ascend,
To Him whose mercy crowns our way
With good we scarce can comprehend.

We thank Him for His loving care,
Of those who toil in heathen lands;
We give our gold, our love, our prayer,
But He has holden up their hands.

We thank Him that His love has stirred
The hearts of many heathen born;
To spread abroad His saving word,
And rescue others still forlorn.

And for ourselves, each heart can tell
Of answered prayer, of paths made plain;
Of light in darkness, peace that fell
Like dew on spirits spent with pain.

Shall we, then, take His gifts so free,
And give Him nought but words of praise?
What offering too great could be,
For love that so hath crowned our days?

Nay! Our thank-offerings let us bring,
And on His altar lay them down;
And may our glorious Saviour King,
Our praise with His acceptance crown.

41

We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive;
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

42

Oh, what can little children do
To make the great world glad?
For pain and sin are everywhere,
And many a life is sad;
Our hearts must bloom with charity
Wherever sorrow lowers;
For how could summer day be sweet,
Without the little flowers?

Oh, what can little children do
To make the dark world bright?
For many a soul in shadow sits
And longs to see the light.

Oh, we must lift our lamps of love,
And let them gleam afar;
For how should night be beautiful
Without each little star?

Oh, what can little children do
To bring some comfort sweet,
For weary roads where men must climb
With toiling, way-worn feet?
Our lives must ripple clear and fresh
That thirsty souls may sing;
Could robin pipe so merrily
Without the little spring?

All this may little children do
The saddened world to bless;
For God sends forth all loving souls
To deeds of tenderness,
That this poor earth may bloom and sing,
Like His dear home above;
But all the work would fail and cease,
Without the children's love.

43.

Lord, send me work to do for Thee,
Let not a single day
Be spent in waiting on myself,
Or wasted pass away.
And teach me how to work for Thee,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart.
That I may serve thee less from fear
Than from a loving heart.
And bless the work I do for Thee,
Or I shall toil in vain;
Mine be the hand to drop the seed,
Thine to send sun and rain.

Thrice happy he who works for Thee ;
Thou grantest him the grace,
When he takes home his work, to see
The Master, face to face.—AMEN.

44.

Go ye into all the world
With the flag of love unfurl'd,
Speed the news o'er land and sea,
Publish pardon full and free.

Tell God's love to sinful men,
Tell it o'er and o'er again,
Till each creature under heaven
Knows the gift that He has given.

Forward, children of the light,
Pierce the gloom of heathen night ;
Point to Him, the Morning Star,
Who can chase the darkness far.

Tell of Jesus, who can free
From the chains of slavery—
Who can give the weary rest,
And relieve the heart opprest.

Far across the distant wave
Tell men of His power to save,
Till all join the sweet refrain,
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain."

Yours is blessed work indeed,
Though with tears ye sow the seed,
Harvest joy will come at last,
Weeping be for ever past.

45

The nations are asking to learn of the Lord,
Whose love is so tender and true;
We know that their longing should have its reward,
But what can the children do?

But what can the children do!
But what can the children do?
We know that their longing should have its reward,
But what can the children do?

The work of redeeming the world is so great,
The toilers as yet are so few,
We feel that we should not in idleness wait,
But what can the children do?—Cho.

We long to be sharing in labors so blest,
We long to be laboring too;
We long to be gathering our sheaves with the rest,
But what can the children do?—Cho.

46

In the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do,
Scattered gleanings we may gather
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters,
Help to fill the garners too.

Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly,
Freewill offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth;
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

Steadfast then in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be,
And forever, and forever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Hallelujah,
Singing all eternity.—AMEN.

47

We are but a band of children
Working for the blessed Lord,
Not too small to do His bidding,
Nor to hear His glorious word.

When He says, "Go tell the people
Who have never heard My name,
That to lift them out of darkness,
Christ, the Lord of glory came."

"Came that they might say 'Our Father,'
And that in their sad home lives,
Rays of hope and love may enter,
Such as Jesus' Gospel gives."

Lo! we bring our offerings, asking
That like tiny grains of corn,
They may yield a rich soul-harvest
In the resurrection morn.

And that some poor heathen children
Round the throne with us may stand,
Brought there by the prayers and offerings
Of our little Mission Band.

48

"Go, tell to every creature,"
This is our Lord's command,
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every creed and land,
Go wake the sleeping nations
With the Messiah's call;
Proclaim the sweet old story,
Salvation free to all.

If you have found the Saviour,
And proved His message true,
Then tell to all, within your call,
What He has done for you.
It is our Lord's commission
To preach to all the world;
Then every hour put forth your power
To keep His flag unfurled.

Arise, be up and doing;
Oh! labor while you may;
The time for work is passing,
Full soon will dawn the day.
Add to the Lord's great army,
The brave, the true, the strong,
And daily fight for Christ and right;
The strife will not be long.

If you cannot preach the Gospel
In regions far away;
You can give to send the message,
And speed it while you pray.

Prayer is the golden ladder
That reaches to God's throne,
And makes weak man omnipotent
In Jesus' strength alone.

Then bravely battle onward,
And fear not death or loss,
But carry into every clime
The banner of the Cross.
And with the Gospel message
Some ranhomed sinners bring,
To join with your's their voices
In the palace of the King.

49

I cannot do great things for Him
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus unto Thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour may I be.

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee
And always every day,
There are some loving little words,
Which I for Thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith, and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee,
I may do everywhere.

I ask Thee, then, to give me grace,
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

50

One more day's work for Jesus;
One less of earth for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of earth for me.

One more day's work for Jesus;
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.—Cho.

One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
When Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!—Cho.

One more day's work for Jesus;
Oh yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.—CHO.

Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!—CHO.

51

Go forward, Christian soldier;
Beneath His banner true;
The Lord Himself thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need,
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier;
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray

Go forward, Christian soldier;
Nor dream of peaceful rest;
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed.
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier;
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy Shelter,
The Lord will be thy Light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.—AMEN.

52

Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer gladly saying,
Here am I, send me, send me.

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's [illegible] alarms,
You can lead the little [illegible]
To the Saviour's wait[illegible]ms.

If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children,
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,—
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

53

I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down
To worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear,
Nor will He to those lips attend,
Whose prayers are not sincere.

54

Into those far off lands
We send the joyful sound,
And pray that its sweet echo there,
May in each heart be found.

Into those distant lands,
Which now in darkness dwell,
We send the blessed heavenly light,
The shadows to dispel.

Far over all the lands
We sow the Gospel grain,
That faithful hearts may flourish there,
When Jesus comes to reign.

55

Our Master has taken His journey,
To a country that's far away,
And has left us the care of the vineyard,
To work for Him day by day.

There's a work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do;
Yes, a work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do.

In the "little while" doth it matter
As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
If we are filling the place He assigns us,
Be its service small or great.—CHO.

Our Master is coming, most surely,
To reckon with every one;
Shall we then count our toil or our sorrow,
If we hear Him say, "Well done"?—CHO.

56

Can I, a little child,
Do anything for those
Who are by sin defiled,
To lighten their sad woes?
I cannot see the reason why
I should not, if I really try.

First, then, I would implore
The Lord to change their heart:
Then from my little store
I freely will impart,
That some kind teachers may be given
To point out Christ, the way to Heaven.

How would such joyful news,
Their inmost souls delight;
And who would then refuse
To give their little mite,
That every heathen child may know
What blessings Jesus can bestow?

57

Into a tent where a gipsy boy lay
Dying alone at the close of the day,
News of salvation we carried. Said he,
"Nobody ever has told it to me!"

Tell it again! tell it again!
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say of the children of men,
"Nobody ever has told me before!"

Did He so love me—a poor little boy?
Send unto me the good tidings of joy!
Need I not perish? My hand will He hold?
"Nobody ever the story has told!"—REF.

Bending we caught the last words of his breath
Just as he entered the valley of death;
"God sent His Son! whosoever, said He;
Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"—REF.

Smiling he said as his last sigh was spent,
"I am so glad that for me He was sent!"
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,
"Lord, I believe! tell it now to the rest!"—REF.

38

Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man meek and mild,
The priest of Israel slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy Word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.—AMEN.

59

From the eastern mountains,
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way;
Even now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.

Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
[illegible]ather in the heathen,
[illegible]Who in lands afar
[illegible]r have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

Gather in the outcasts,
All who go astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who wander far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
Neath Thy star-lit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains,
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin or sorrow
Evermore shall come.—AMEN.

60

A LITANY.

Heavenly Father, let Thy light,
Break upon our blinded sight,
Chase away the shades of night
We beseech Thee, hear us.

To the nations gone astray,
Thine eternal love display,
Send Thy truth, direct Thy way,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Sow the seed, Thy Word revealed
In the earths' wide harvest field,
That the increase it may yield,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Jesus, who didst suffer pain,
To release from error's chain
Man's lost Paradise to gain,
Jesus, Saviour, hear us.

Let Thy ministers proclaim
Far and wide Thy saving name,
With Thy love all hearts inflame,
Jesus, Saviour, hear us.

Seek for those who careless roam,
Bring the wanderers safely home,
May Thy glorious Kingdom come,
Jesus, Saviour, hear us.

Blessed Spirit, heavenly Lord,
Speak with power the saving Word,
How the lost may be restored,
Blessed, Spirit, hear us.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Loving those who need Thee most,
Raise the fallen, save the lost,
We beseech Thee, hear us.—AMEN.

61

O Gospel of gladness! O precious good news!
Thy blessings descend like the heavenly dews,
Their cheer to the earth's desert places they bring,
And flow'rs from the dust of humanity spring.

O Gospel of gladness! O Gospel of joy,
Thou ever revivest, when man would destroy;
O Gospel of gladness! O Gospel of love!
That falls on our hearts like the dews from above.

O Gospel of gladness! O precious good news!
Thy blessings descend like the heavenly dews,
The wilderness blooms like the field of the Lord,
And Nature's sweet voices all join in accord.—CHO.

O Gospel of gladness! O precious good news!
Thy blessings descend like the heavenly dews;
Instead of the thorn tree, the myrtle will grow,
When all God's creation His goodness shall know.—CHO

62

Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light the shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.

Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and sea-ward, high and wide,
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

Uplift the banner! wide and high
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours,
We conquer only in that sign.

63

O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand;
And healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.

Where error smites with blindness
  Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in loving kindness
  Proclaim Thy Gospel day;
Till all the tribes and races
  That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
  Within Thy courts shall stand.

O Saviour King, defend us
  And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
  Thy love and light to show;
Till, fired with true devotion
  Enkindled by Thy Word,
From ocean unto ocean
  Our land shall own Thee Lord.

64

Gleaming in the sunshine,
  Floating in the air,
See the banner waving,
  Beautiful and fair.
In the Saviour's army,
  It shall lead us on,
Till the battle's over,
  Till the victory's won.

Gleaming in the sunshine,
  Floating in the air,
See the banner waving,
  Beautiful and fair.

Jesus is our Captain,
  Jesus is our King;
Joyfully for Jesus
  We will fight and sing.

He supplies our armor—
  Truth and faith and love;
He will bring us safely
  To our home above.—CHO.

In the Saviour's army,
  Ripe for heaven, are seen
Those who bore the banner
  When the strife was keen.
Men and maidens gather,
  In the flush of youth,
Round the blessed standard,
  Round the flag of truth.—CHO.

And the smiling faces,
  And the beaming eyes,
Of the little children
  He will not despise.
Thousands in His army
  Mighty deeds have done,
With the love of Jesus
  They have fought and won.—CHO.

"Come, ye heavy laden"—
  'Tis the Saviour's voice;
Hear His invitation,
  Make Him now your choice.
Join His glorious army,
  Join without delay,
'List beneath His banner
  While it is to-day.—CHO.

65

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye little children,
Repeat—He is love, He is love.

2. Love Him, love him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love.

3. Serve Him, serve Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love.

4. Crown Him, crown Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love.

NOTE.—Each child is to hold a flag while singing this.

1. Wave their hands gently back and forth as they sing "Praise Him."

2. Hands folded over their heads holding the flags.

3. Hands folded as in prayer, with flags between.

4. Hands clasped across the forehead, holding flags high up in the hand.

66

All power and praise to Jesus be,
For He shall rule from sea to sea
His glory all the earth shall fill,
And all mankind shall know His will.

O joy! O joy! repeat the word,
Till all the waiting world has heard;
For He that sitteth on the throne,
Will claim the nations as His own.

In Him the weak shall be made strong,
And right at last shall conquer wrong,
By Him the dark shall be made light,
And day will follow earth's dark night.—CHO.

O Christ of God thy kingdom come
To those who worship idols dumb!
Thy praise arise from hearts that now
Before the gods of Baal bow.—CHO.

67

All hail the power of Jesus' Name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.—AMEN.

68

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless power be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

69

Blessed Saviour, Thou dids't suffer
Little ones to come to Thee,
Lo' we offer now our tribute,
Let our praise accepted be;
Mid the hallelujahs ringing,
Mid the burst of angel song
Stoop to hear our childish singing
Listen to an infant throng.

For a cry of deepest sorrow,
Comes across the waters blue,
"Ye who know salvations story
Haste to help and save us too;
Shed, oh shed, the Gospel story
O'er the darkness of our night,
Till the gloomy shadows vanish
In its full and blessed light."

For the poor benighted millions
We can give and work and pray,
And our gifts and prayers united,
Sure will speed that happy day,
When no more to idols bowing
All shall own our Jesus, King.
And ten thousand voices ringing,
Shall His praise victorious sing.—AMEN.

70

Lord of the harvest, it is right and meet
That we should lay our first fruits at Thy feet,
With joyful Alleluia.

Sweet is the souls thanksgiving after prayer,
Sweet is the worship that with Heaven we share
Who sing the Alleluia.

Lowly we prayed and Thou didst hear on high
Didst lift our hearts and change our suppliant cry
To festal Alleluia.

So sing we now in tune with that great song,
That all the age of ages shall prolong
The endless Alleluia.

To Thee, O Lord of Harvest, Who hast heard,
And to Thy white robed reapers given the word,
We sing our Alleluia.

O Christ, who in the wide world's human sea,
Hast bid the net be cast anew to Thee,
We sing our Alleluia,

To Thee, Eternal Spirit, who again,
Hast moved with life upon the slumbrous mane,
We sing our Alleluia.

Yea, West and East the companies go forth,
"We come," is sounding to the South and North,
To God sing Alleluia.

The fishermen of Jesus far away
Seek in new waters their immortal prey,
To Christ sing Alleluia.

The Holy Dove is brooding o'er the deep
And careless hearts are waking out of sleep,
To Him sing Alleluia.

Yea, for sweet hope new-born blest work begun,
Sing Alleluia to the Three in One
Adoring Alleluia.

Glory to God! the Church in patience cries.
Glory to God! the Church at rest replies,
With endless Alleluias.—AMEN.

71

1st. Voice.—O song the ransomed world will sing,
When Christ shall victor be;
When He shall reign as Lord and King,
And all the earth be free!
Where India's fabled rivers flow,
The notes will rise and fall,
And Burmah's sons the words will know,
Of "Crown Him Lord of all."

Bring forth the royal diadem,
All.—And crown Him Lord of all.

2nd Voice—The Cross will shine, the Crescent fade,
From out the eastern skies,
And up from souls on Jesus stayed,
The grand old song will rise.
In Turkey's heart, on Persia's shore,
The notes will rise and fall,
As grateful hearts their praise outpour
In "Crown Him Lord of all."

All—Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3rd Voice—O'er Afric's lakes will float the strain,
And down the dreamy Nile,
When fertile vale and palm-grown plain,
In Heaven's peace shall smile.
Where races now in darkness dwell,
The notes will rise and fall,
As souls redeemed their joy shall tell,
In "Crown Him Lord of all."

All—Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4th Voice—Where China's ancient cities stand,
Will Christ as King be crowned,
And through a God-revering land,
His praises will resound.
Across a new and far Japan,
The notes will rise and fall,
As men shall hail the Son of Man,
With "Crown Him Lord of all."

All—Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4th Voice.—In lands the lowly Master [illegible]
His praise will yet be sung,
And He be owned the Christ of God
By every heart and tongue.
Beside the Lake of Galilee
The notes will rise and fall,
Judean hills will vocal be,
With "Crown Him Lord of all."

All.—Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

After 5th voice all rise and sing—

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.—AMEN.

72

Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them!
Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves:
Be Thou with them!
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord! they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand!

When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears;
Be Thou with them!
Hear their sighs and count their tears.

When they think of home now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer;
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where Thy people
Rest from toil and weep no more!

When no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy Lord draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain;
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again!

In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be:
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see;

There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace a[illegible]MEN.

73

God of love, before Thee now
Help us all in love to bow
As the dews on Hermon fall,
Let Thy blessing rest on all.

Let it soften every breast,
Hush ungentle thoughts to rest
Till we feel ourselves to be
Children of one family.

Children who can look above
For a heavenly Father's love,
Who shall meet life's journey past,
In that Father's house at last.

But while thankfully we stand
Round Thy footstool hand in hand,
Yet one humble earnest plea,
Father, we would bring to Thee

Far across the ocean wave,
Brethren, sisters too, we have,
But they have not heard of Thee,
Wilt Thou not their Father be?

Let them hear the Shepherd's voice,
And beneath His care rejoice;
And together let them come
To the fold while yet there's room. — AMEN.

74

Dear Saviour, bless the children,
Who've gathered here to-day;
O send Thy Holy Spirit,
And teach us how to pray.

Dear Lord, come Thou to help us
Obey Thy great command ;
And send the blessed gospel,
Abroad through every land.

Lord, bless the work we're doing
And bless our gifts though small ;
And hear our prayer for Jesus' sake,
Who died to save us all.

75

TUNE—"*Stand up for Jesus.*"

The whole wide world for Jesus,
Once more before we part,
Ring out the joyful watchword,
From every grateful heart.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Be this our battle cry,
The Crucified shall conquer,
The victory is nigh.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
From out the Golden Gate,
Thro' all the South Sea Islands,
To China's princely state ;
From India's vale and mountains,
Thro' Persia's land of bloom,
To storied Palestina,
And Afric's desert gloom.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
Its hearts and homes and thrones,
Ring out again the watchword,
In loud and joyous tones.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
With prayer and song we'll wing,
And speed the prayer with labor,
Till earth shall crown Him King.—AMEN.

76

God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

God be with you till we meet again.
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

Opening and Closing Exercises

FOR

MISSION BANDS.

HYMN.

All repeat the "Apostles' Creed."

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. AMEN.

RESPONSIVE READING.

SUPT.—God be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us:

BAND.—That Thy way may be known upon earth: Thy saving health among all nations.

SUPT.—Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea let all the people praise Thee.

BAND.—O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

SUPT.—Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea let all the people praise Thee.

BAND.—Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing.

SUPT.—God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear Him.

ALL.—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

OR THIS.

SUPT.—Therefore said He unto them, The harvest truly *is* great, but the laborers *are* few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest. Luke 10: 2.

BAND.—In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both *shall be* alike good. Eccles. 11.: 6.

SUPT.—Say among the heathen *that* the LORD reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: He shall judge the people righteously. Ps. 96: 10.

BAND.—Honor the LORD with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase. Prov. 3: 9.

SUPT.—Declare His glory among the heathen, His wonders among all people. Ps. 96: 3.

BAND.—Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people. Isa. 62 : 10.

SUPT.—And heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you. Luke 10 : 9.

BAND.—And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after Me, and I will make you to become fishers of men. Mark 1 : 17.

SUPT.—Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

BAND.—Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you : and lo, I am with you alway, *even* unto the end of the world. Amen. Matt. 28 : 19, 20.

SUPT.—That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. Luke 24 : 47.

BAND.—And He commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is He which was ordained of God *to be* the Judge of quick and dead. Acts 10 : 42.

SUPT.—I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts 20 : 35.

BAND.—Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, *so let him give*; not grudgingly, or of necessity : for God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9 : 7.

SUPT.—Let us pray.

(*All repeat.*)

MEMBERS' PRAYER.

Heavenly Father, we pray Thee to bless us and all the members of our Society, and give us love for Thee. Prosper the missions of Thy Church, and strengthen with Thy Holy Spirit all who are engaged in missionary work; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SUPT.—We beseech Thee O Lord to grant Thy blessing upon our offerings.

BAND.—May they be used to spread Thy Gospel, that Thy Kingdom may come in all the earth.

SUPT.—Increase our numbers and deepen our interest.

BAND.—Make us willing to deny ourselves to give to Thee.

SUPT.—Pour Thy Holy Spirit upon all missionaries (especially those in————). Remove their difficulties, strengthen their faith, and send forth more laborers into Thy harvest.

BAND.—And open the hearts of the heathen to hear Thy Word.

All repeat the Lord's Prayer.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY DAILY PRAYER.

O Lord, Jesus Christ, who in the days of Thy flesh didst vouchsafe to accept the services of faithful women, we beseech Thee to grant Thy blessing upon our endeavors to aid and encourage missionaries. Put into our hearts the things that we should do and say to promote Thy glory, and further the object we have in hand. Grant that we may never be discouraged under difficulties, but go forward in faith and hope, looking unto Thee. Have pity on those who know Thee not, on those who are far from the church of their fathers in a strange land. Visit them with Thy salvation. Hasten, we pray Thee, Thy kingdom, that all may come to the knowledge of the truth. Hear and answer us, O Lord our Strength and our Redeemer.—AMEN.

Almighty and most merciful Father, we give Thee humble thanks for the light of Thy Gospel; make us more grateful for this Thy mercy, and more zealous for the salvation of all mankind. We praise Thee for the deepening interest in the mission cause, and that Thou are turning the hearts of the heathen to Thyself. May we show forth our gratitude in more faithful service. We ask Thee to accept our prayer, for Jesus Christ's sake.—AMEN.

FOR THE OPENING OF A MEETING.

Almighty and most merciful God, we beseech Thee to hear our prayers, for Jesus Christ's sake.

We are met together in His Name to hear of the progress of Thy Gospel among the poor heathen, and to do what we can to help it forward. Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, that what we do may proceed from love to Thee,

and to our fellow-creatures for Thy sake, Make us to feel more deeply for the sins and miseries of those who are worshipping dumb idols, and more anxious to bring them to know and love Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.

May we be ready to deny ourselves and give up our own pleasures, in order that we may have more to give for the purpose of making known to them Thy love in Christ Jesus.

Be present with us, O Lord, at this time, and cause Thy blessing to rest upon each of us. May what we hear be treasured up in our hearts, and may it lead us to think more of the great things which Thou hast done for us, and to make greater efforts for the salvation of the perishing heathen.

Hear us, O Heavenly Father, in these our imperfect prayers, and pardon all our sins, for the sake of Thy dear Son, our only Saviour, Jesus Christ.—AMEN.

FOR THE JEWS.

O Lord, Jesus Christ, we pray Thee to look upon Thine own people, the Jews. Take away their blindness. Let them receive Thee as their Messiah, and proclaim Thy saving Name among the Gentiles; and to Thee, with the Father and Holy Ghost be all glory, world without end.—AMEN.

O merciful God, who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels, Heathen, and Heretics, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved

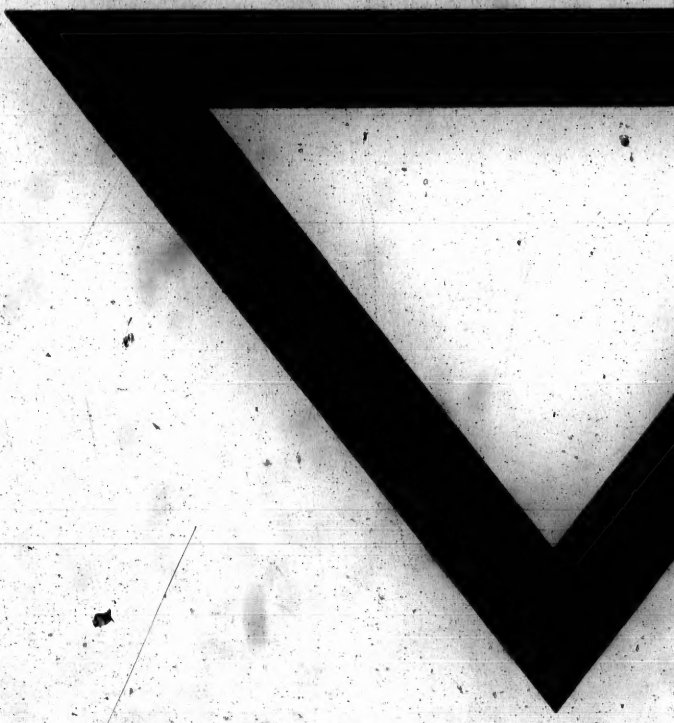
among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end.—AMEN.

FOR THE CONCLUSION OF A MEETING.

O most merciful and gracious God, by whose Providence we have been brought together at this time, may the things we have heard sink deep into all our hearts, and exert an abiding influence on our motives and actions.

Make us for the time to come, more earnest, diligent, and self-denying in Thy service. Give us stronger faith; teach us to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and so constrain us by that love, that it may be our chief delight to glorify His name, and to extend His kingdom amongst men.

O Thou Spirit of love, fill us with fervent charity and tender compassion for the souls of the perishing heathen, and may we never cease to labor to the utmost for their conversion to Christ.

Before we depart hence, we again unite in earnest supplication on behalf of this unbelieving world. O put forth Thine almighty power over all nations. Shine into the hearts of multitudes throughout the world. Cause them to see their ruin and their remedy, and to fly to Christ for the salvation of their souls.

And now, O Heavenly Father, forgive all that Thou hast seen amiss in us whilst assembled here. We ask it, O our God, in the Name, and for the sake of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, now and for evermore.—AMEN.